

ACTION PACKED — THRILLS — WESTERN ADVENTURES



AN *Avon* COMIC

NO. 3



# COW PUNCHER



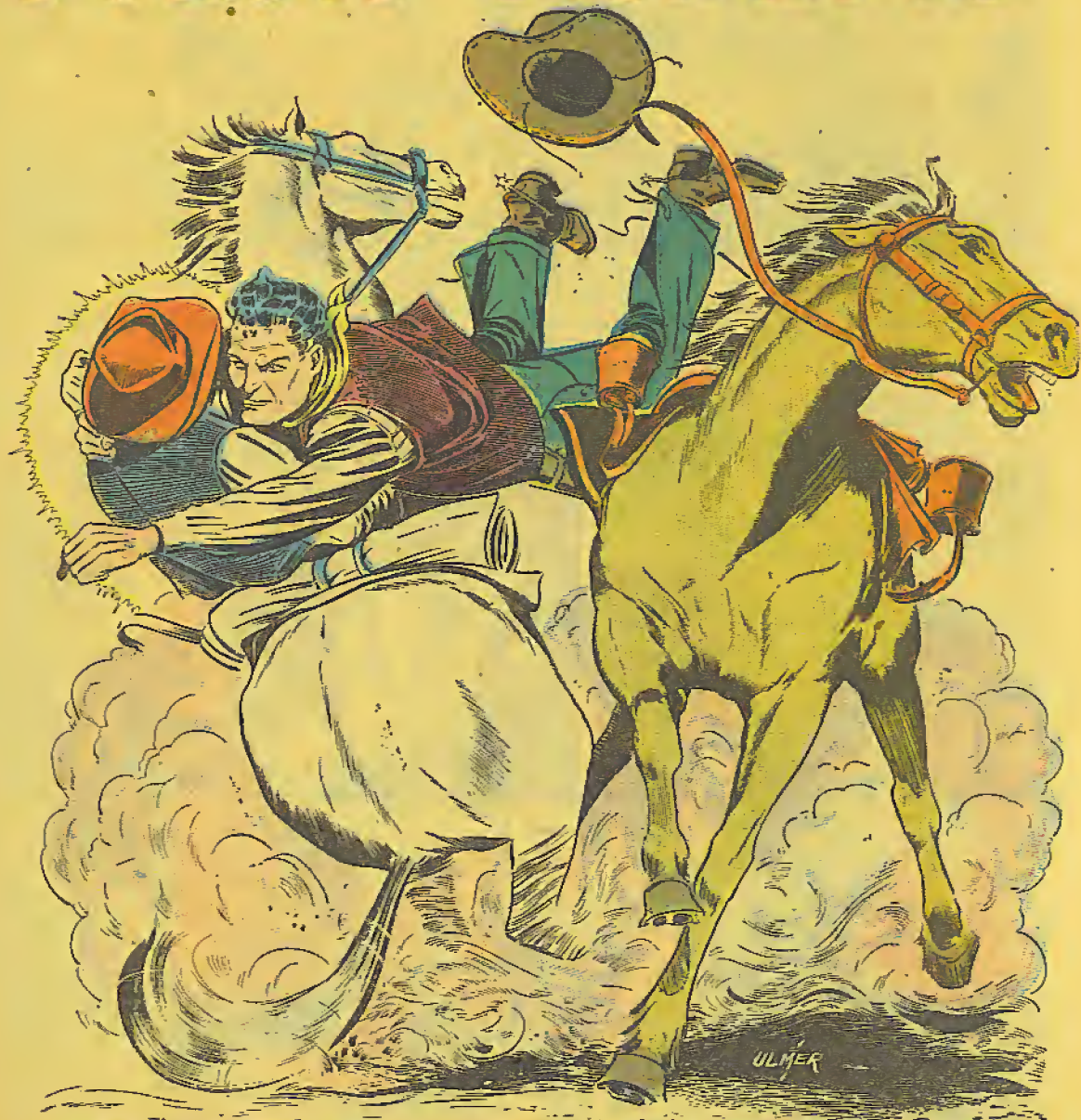




WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# THE LEGEND OF THE FIERY RIDERS



Many a tricky gun-toter and bad cow-puncher has met his fate at the hands of the **TEXAS RANGER**, whose very name, whispered through the badlands of the old west, commanded respect in the hearts of good men and fear in the souls of bad! But when an old legend seems to suddenly come true to strike terror to the range, the Texas Ranger finds himself facing a strange, awesome foe---until he finds out the secret of the **LEGEND OF THE FIERY RIDERS!**



THREE STRANGERS STRIDE INTO THE OFFICE OF THE TEXAS RANGER IN THE TOWN OF HEADSTONE...

I'M LOOKING FOR THE TEXAS RANGER FOR THIS HERE REGION. MY NAME IS TODD. MY ASSISTANTS AND I HAVE JUST COME IN ON THE STAGE.

I'M THE RANGER HERE. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, TODD?

TELL ME WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT THE LEGEND OF THE FIERY RIDERS. MY ASSISTANTS AND I DO RESEARCH INTO OLD LEGENDS.

WE'VE COME TO INVESTIGATE THIS LEGEND. A BAND OF BANDITS HUNG TWENTY YEARS AGO, ARE SAID TO RETURN EVERY TEN YEARS...RIGHT ABOUT THIS TIME?

LEGEND? NEVER HEARD OF IT! I DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS, BUT I'LL RIDE THE PLAINS WITH YOU TONIGHT AND WE'LL SEE!

FINE, RANGER, TONIGHT IT IS!

AND SO THAT NIGHT...

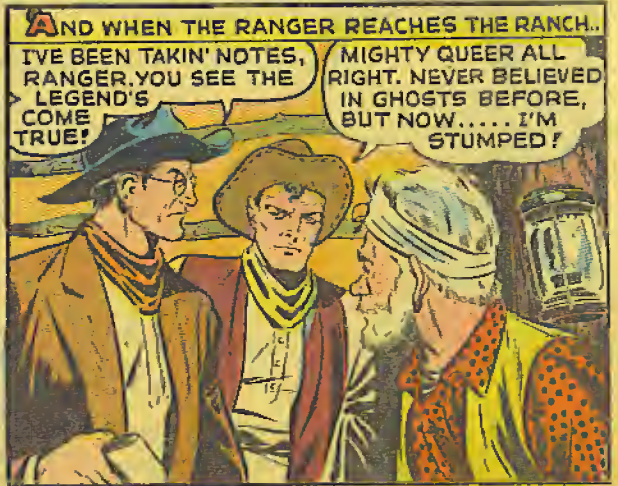
SO FAR NO SIGN OF ANY GHOSTS, TODD!

IT'S EARLY YET! I'VE FOUND MANY SUCH LEGENDS TO COME TRUE!

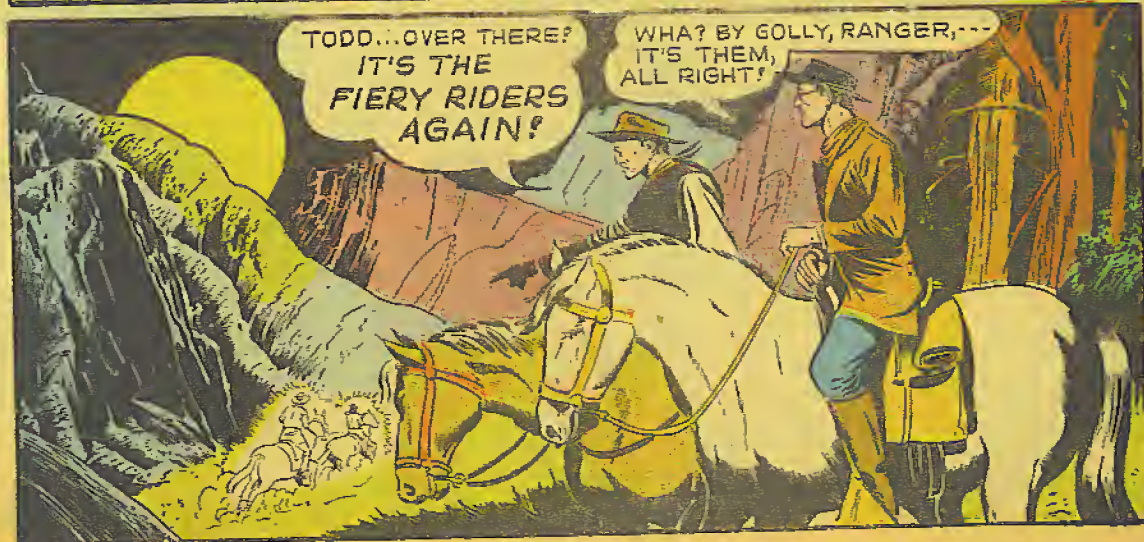
YES...THOSE OLD LEGENDS OFTEN PROVE TRUE. I REMEMBER ONCE...

WAIT..LISTEN! I HEAR GUNS FIRING!













THEY DON'T FALL...  
AND THEY DON'T  
RETURN MY  
FIRE, EITHER!

THEY'RE NOT  
REAL, RANGER!  
THEY'RE  
GHOSTS!



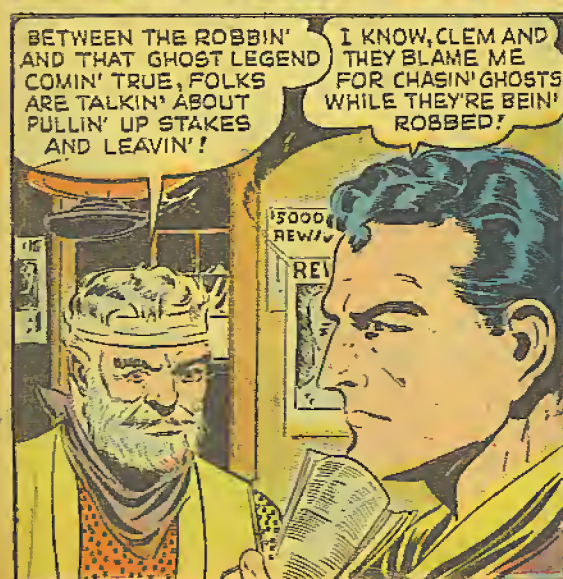
MAYBE, TODD...  
MAYBE! LET'S  
GET BACK  
TO TOWN?



AND IN TOWN, THE NEXT MORNING...

MORNIN', RANGER.  
HAVE YA SEEN THE  
PAPER?... THREE  
MORE RANCHERS  
ROBBED LAST NIGHT!

I KNOW, CLEM.  
COUNTING YOU THAT  
MAKES FOUR! THE  
NEIGHBORHOOD'S  
MIGHTY SCARED!



BETWEEN THE ROBBIN'  
AND THAT GHOST LEGEND  
COMIN' TRUE, FOLKS  
ARE TALKIN' ABOUT  
PULLIN' UP STAKES  
AND LEAVIN'!

I KNOW, CLEM AND  
THEY BLAME ME  
FOR CHASIN' GHOSTS  
WHILE THEY'RE BEIN'  
ROBBED!



AH RECKON YOU  
CAN'T FIGHT GHOSTS,  
RANGER!

WE'LL SEE ABOUT  
THAT! RIGHT NOW  
I WANT TO SEE TODD  
OVER THERE. SEE  
YOU LATER, CLEM!





SAY, TODD...I WANT TO...**HEY!** WATCH THAT?

OH, RANGER....  
OOOPS!



THIS IS A BOX OF BOOKS, RANGER.... RESEARCH BOOKS. JUST ARRIVED ON THE STAGE FOR ME. WHAT DID YOU WANT TO SAY?

OH...ER...NOTHIN' TODD...I'LL SEE YOU LATER!



THE RANGER'S KEEN EYES HAVE SEEN SOMETHING, AND AS TODD RIDES OFF....

THIS WHITE POWDER CAME FROM THAT BOX WHEN IT FELL.... I'LL TAKE SOME OF IT TO DOC BROMLEY, THE CHEMIST!



LATER

HERE'S A REPORT ON THAT WHITE POWDER, RANGER. I ANALYZED IT AND IT'S POWDERED SULPHUR!

THANKS, DOC. THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ME! I'M GOING TO CAPTURE A LEGEND!



CAPTURE A LEGEND...? HE MUST BE LOCO!

I'LL TRY TO PICK UP TODD'S TRAIL BY THE POWDERED SULPHUR LEAKING FROM THE BOX!



AND SOON AFTERWARDS, IN THE HILLS...

THAT POWDER MADE AN EASY TRAIL TO FOLLOW. IT LEADS BEHIND THESE ROCKS.. NOW TO SEE WHAT'S THERE!









LOOKS LIKE SOME-  
BODY'S TRYIN' TO  
GET AWAY!



YOU WON'T GET  
ME, RANGER!

BANG



UUUUH!

THAT'S ALL  
FOR YOU,  
TODD!



THE BATTLE OVER, THE RANGER UNCOVERS  
THE SECRET OF THE **FIERY RIDERS**

MIXING CANS AND CLOTH DUMMIES..THERE'S  
THE LEGEND! THEY USED THAT POWDERED  
SULPHUR IN  
MIXING  
PHOSPHOROUS  
PAINT THAT  
GLOWS IN THE  
DARK!



THE DUMMIES WERE STRAPPED  
ON HORSES AND IN THE DARK  
THEY GLOWED LIKE GHOSTS:

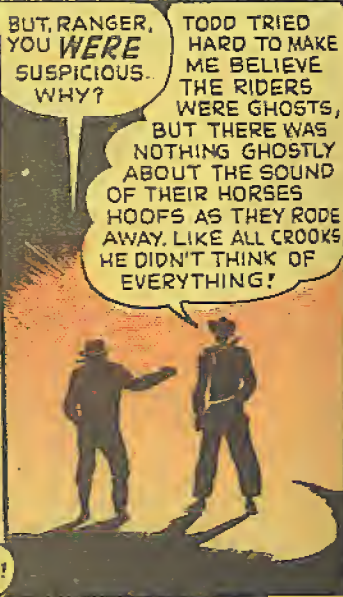
NOW TO GET  
TO TOWN AND  
TELL  
FOLKS THE  
TRUTH!



IN TOWN, THE RANGER  
REVEALS THE LEGEND.

SO IT WAS ALL A TRICK TO  
TAKE ATTENTION FROM THEIR  
REAL ROBBIN'!

RIGHT, CLEM. TODD STUCK  
CLOSE TO ME WHILE HIS AIDES  
DID THE DIRTY WORK. THAT  
WAY TODD COULD WATCH TO  
SEE IF I WAS GETTING SUSPICIOUS!



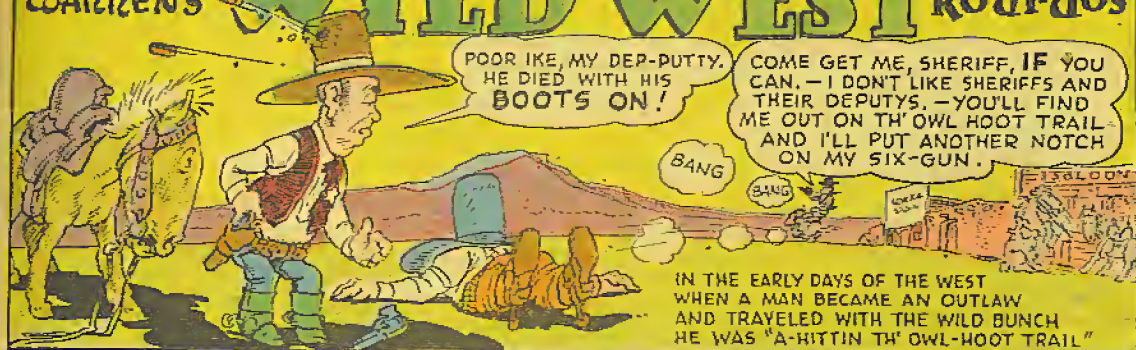
BUT, RANGER,  
YOU **WERE**  
SUSPICIOUS.  
WHY?

TODD TRIED  
HARD TO MAKE  
ME BELIEVE  
THE RIDERS  
WERE GHOSTS,  
BUT THERE WAS  
NOTHING GHOSTLY  
ABOUT THE SOUND  
OF THEIR HORSES  
HOOFES AS THEY RODE  
AWAY. LIKE ALL CROOKS,  
HE DIDN'T THINK OF  
EVERYTHING!



JACK A. WARREN'S

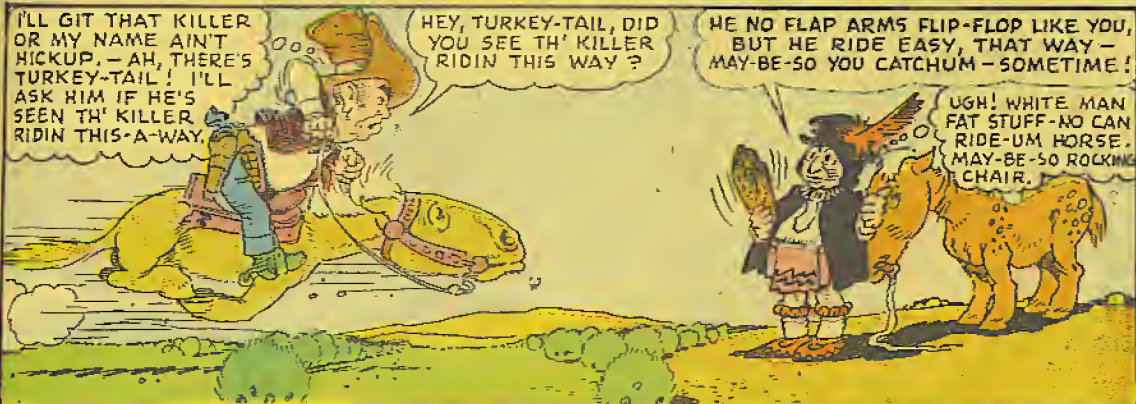
# WILD WEST Rodi-dos



POOR IKE, MY DEP-PUTTY.  
HE DIED WITH HIS  
BOOTS ON!

COME GET ME, SHERIFF, IF YOU  
CAN. - I DON'T LIKE SHERIFFS AND  
THEIR DEPUTYS. - YOU'LL FIND  
ME OUT ON TH' OWL HOOT TRAIL  
AND I'LL PUT ANOTHER NOTCH  
ON MY SIX-GUN.

IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE WEST  
WHEN A MAN BECAME AN OUTLAW  
AND TRAVELED WITH THE WILD BUNCH  
HE WAS "A-HITTIN TH' OWL-HOOT TRAIL"

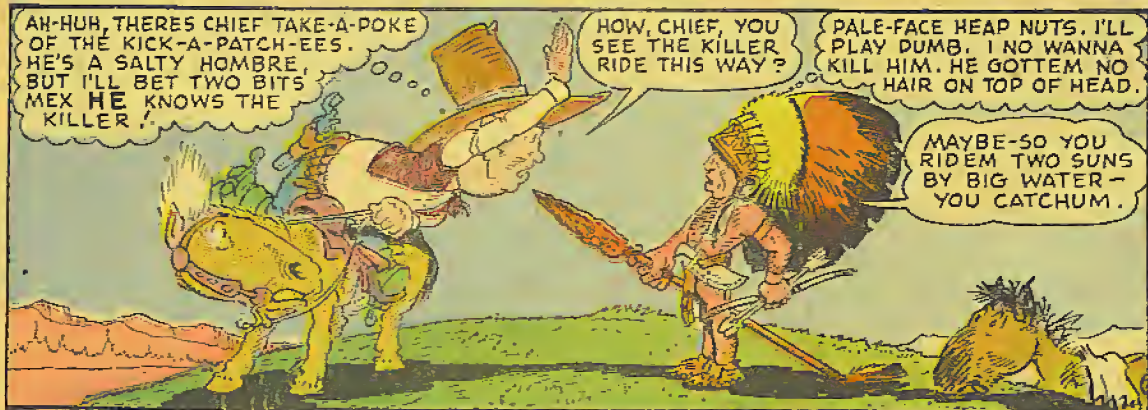


I'LL GIT THAT KILLER  
OR MY NAME AIN'T  
HICKUP. - AH, THERE'S  
TURKEY-TAIL! I'LL  
ASK HIM IF HE'S  
SEEN TH' KILLER  
RIDIN THIS-A-WAY.

HEY, TURKEY-TAIL, DID  
YOU SEE TH' KILLER  
RIDIN THIS WAY?

HE NO FLAP ARMS FLIP-FLOP LIKE YOU,  
BUT HE RIDE EASY, THAT WAY -  
MAY-BE-SO YOU CATCHUM - SOMETIME!

UGH! WHITE MAN  
FAT STUFF-NO CAN  
RIDE-UM HORSE.  
MAY-BE-SO ROCKING  
CHAIR.

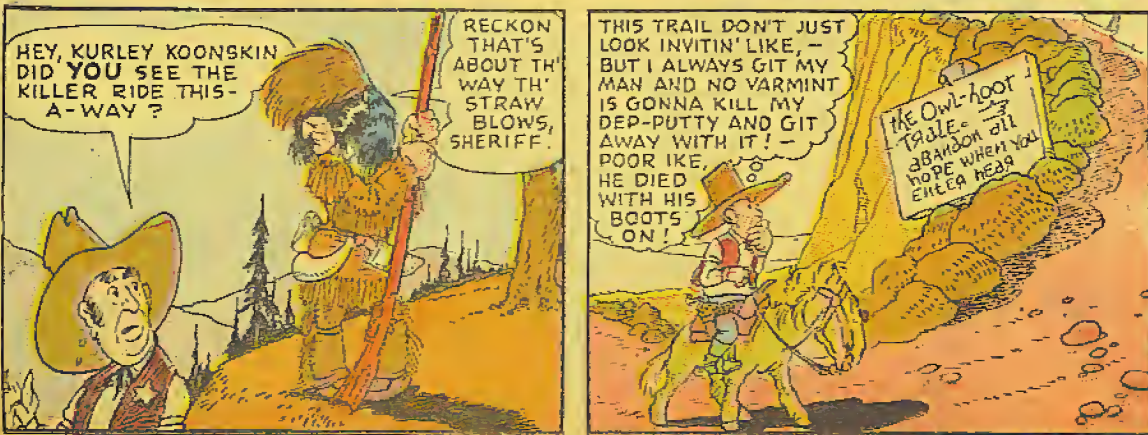


AH-HUH, THERES CHIEF TAKE-A-POKE  
OF THE KICK-A-PATCH-EEES.  
HE'S A SALTY HOMBRE,  
BUT I'LL BET TWO BITS  
MEX HE KNOWS THE  
KILLER.

HOW, CHIEF, YOU  
SEE THE KILLER  
RIDE THIS WAY?

PALE-FACE HEAP NUTS. I'LL  
PLAY DUMB. I NO WANNA  
KILL HIM. HE GOTTEM NO  
HAIR ON TOP OF HEAD.

MAYBE-SO YOU  
RIDEM TWO SUNS  
BY BIG WATER -  
YOU CATCHUM.



HEY, KURLEY KOONSKIN  
DID YOU SEE THE  
KILLER RIDE THIS-  
A-WAY?

RECKON  
THAT'S  
ABOUT TH'  
WAY TH'  
STRAW  
BLOWS,  
SHERIFF.

THIS TRAIL DON'T JUST  
LOOK INVITIN' LIKE, -  
BUT I ALWAYS GIT MY  
MAN AND NO VARMINT  
IS GONNA KILL MY  
DEP-PUTTY AND GIT  
AWAY WITH IT! -  
POOR IKE,  
HE DIED WITH HIS  
BOOTS ON!

THE OWL-HOOT  
TRAIL -  
ABANDON OIL  
HOPE WHEN YOU  
ENTER HEAR



HEY, TOMMY TROOPER  
COME BACK HERE.  
WHERE ARE YOU  
GOIN'?

I'M GITTIN' OFF THIS OWL-HOOT TRAIL  
MUY-PRONTO - IT'S NO PLACE  
FOR TH' U.S. ARMY AND I'M  
SPEAKIN' LANGUAGE WHEN  
I SAY **TURN BACK-NOW!**

THAT OLD COOT AIN'T  
GOTTA CHANCE ON  
THIS TRAIL. HE'LL BE  
BUZZARD MEAT 'FORE  
SUNDOWN - AND I  
AIN'T STOPPIN'  
TO ARGUE HIM  
OUTA GOIN' ON!

BET FOUR BITS MEX  
HE'S RUN UP AGAINST  
TH' KILLER!

PEERS TO ME YOU'RE DOIN'  
A POWERFUL LOT OF  
COGITATIN' THERE,  
LOCO LUKE.

I WONDER IF N  
HE'S SEEN TH'  
KILLER RIDIN'  
THIS-A-WAY...

RECKON I AM, PODNER - I'M TRYIN' TO FIGURE  
OUT IF N I SHOULD STICK TO FORTY AN' FOUND,  
OR BECOME A ARTIST WITH A LONG ROPE,  
RUNNIN' IRON AN' CINCH RING!

40.00  
A MONTH  
AND CHUCK

THANK PODNER, YOU'VE MADE  
ME SEE TH' LIGHT - I'M  
GONNA STICK TO MY FORTY  
DOLLARS A MONTH AND  
GRUB, NURSIN' DOGGIES!

O - BY TH' WAY, SHERIFF,  
BETTER KEEP YOUR  
SIX-GUN TIED DOWN  
TIGHT - TH' KILLER  
IS DOWN TH' TRAIL  
'GUNNIN' FOR YOU.  
ADIOS!

ZAT  
SO?

BANG

GULP

DAH-GONNIT - THEM TWO  
HOMBRES **WOULD** COME  
ALONG  
JUST NOW!

WELL I'LL BE HORN-SWOGGLED-  
**HAPPY AND MOURNFUL!**  
WHATA YOU HOMBRES DOIN'  
ON TH' OWL-HOOT TRAIL?

LOOKIN' FER A  
STRAY COW  
CRITTER, SHERIFF.

SAME BEIN'  
YOU, SHERIFF.  
THIS PODNER  
OF MINE IS  
ALLUS HELPIN'  
PILGRIMS  
OUTA TROUBLE

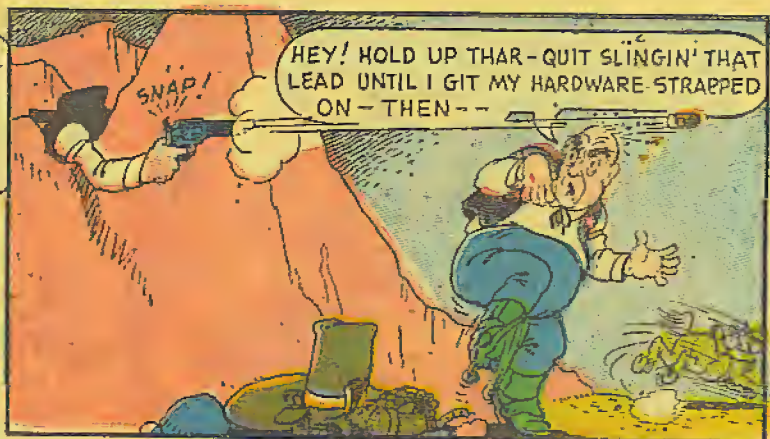
I DON'T UNDERSTAND THIS -  
THESE TWO AINT OWL-HOOTERS.  
- WONDER JUST WHAT IS THEIR  
BUSINESS ON THIS TRAIL -





THUR AINT NO USE  
AR-GI-FYIN' WITH THAT  
OLD MOSSYBACK. WE'LL  
TAKE A PACER OVER  
THIS HILL AND KEEP  
OUT OF SIGHT, THEN  
WAIT TIL THE BATTLE'S  
OVER AND PICK UP  
THE SHERIFF'S  
REMAINS.

HM-MM-  
I WOULDN'T  
BET MY  
30 YEARS  
SAVIN'S  
ON THAT.



HEY! HOLD UP THAR - QUIT SLINGIN' THAT  
LEAD UNTIL I GIT MY HARDWARE STRAPPED  
ON - THEN --



HO-KAY - SO YOU WANNA  
START A ONE MAN WAR!  
WELL, I CAN POP A  
FEW CAPS MYSELF -  
COME OUT FROM  
BEHIND THAT  
'ROCK AND FIGHT  
LIKE A MAN!

WELL, THE WAR  
IS OVER - SO LET'S  
GO BACK AND PICK  
UP THE SHERIFF'S  
REMAINS AND TAKE  
'EM TO THE  
UNDERTAKER.

I AIN'T  
CONVINCED

SEE WHAT I MEAN?  
TH'OLD GOAT WOULDN'T  
TAKE OUR ADVICE  
AND LOPE OFF THIS  
TRAIL -

WITH HIS BOOTS ON!



HEY! GIT OFFIN' ME!  
I AIN'T DEAD YET!

YEH? SEE WHAT  
I MEAN?

LAY DOWN  
YOU OLD GOAT,  
DON'T YOU  
KNOW WHEN  
YOU'RE DEAD?



GIT MY HOSS AND SIX-GUN!  
GIT A POSSIE! - SHERIFF  
HICUP, THA'S  
ME, - ALLUS  
GIT'S HIS  
MAN!

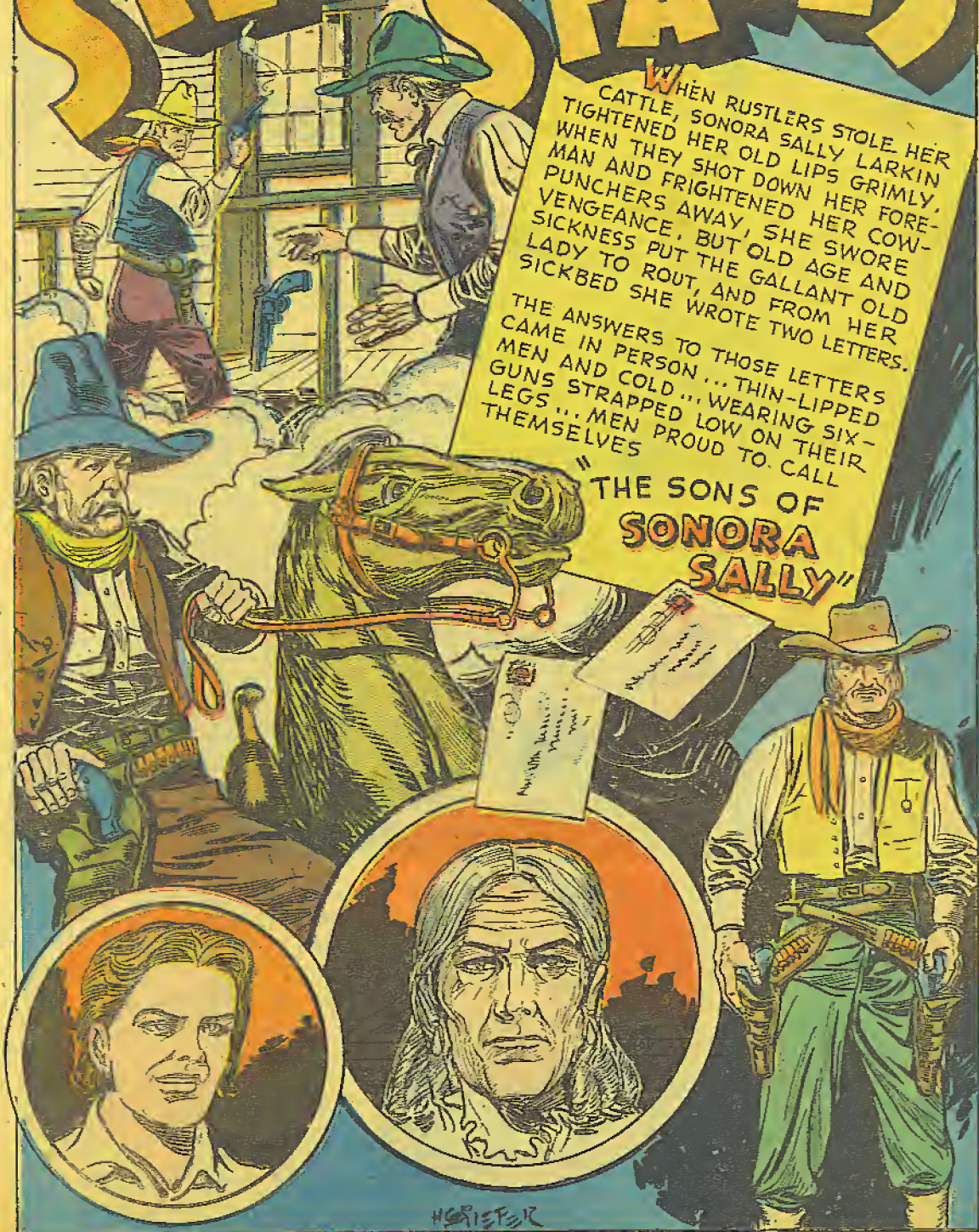


TALES  
OF THE

# SILENT SPACES

WHEN RUSTLERS STOLE HER CATTLE, SONORA SALLY LARKIN TIGHTENED HER OLD LIPS GRIMLY. WHEN THEY SHOT DOWN HER FOREMAN AND FRIGHTENED HER COWPUNCHERS AWAY, SHE SWORE VENGEANCE, BUT OLD AGE AND SICKNESS PUT THE GALLANT OLD LADY TO ROUT, AND FROM HER SICKBED SHE WROTE TWO LETTERS. THE ANSWERS TO THOSE LETTERS CAME IN PERSON ... THIN-LIPPED MEN AND COLD ... WEARING SIX-LEGS ... MEN PROUD TO CALL THEMSELVES

"THE SONS OF  
SONORA  
SALLY"

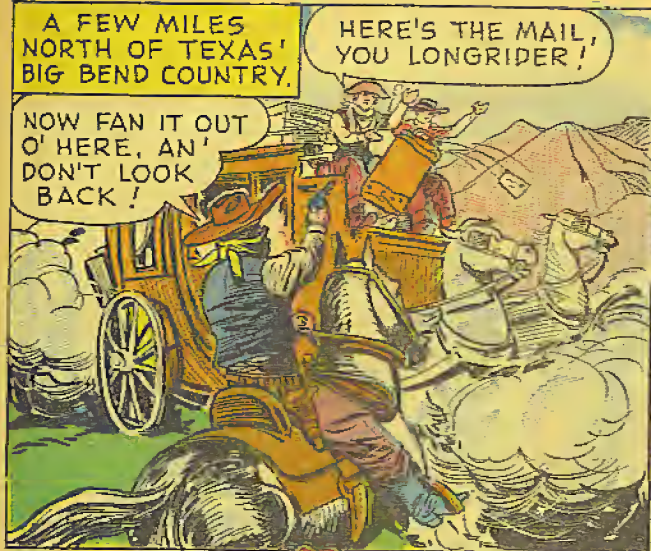




A FEW MILES  
NORTH OF TEXAS'  
BIG BEND COUNTRY.

HERE'S THE MAIL,  
YOU LONGRIDER!

NOW FAN IT OUT  
O' HERE, AN'  
DON'T LOOK  
BACK!



SWEET  
MAVERICK!  
IT'S ADDRESSED  
TO -ME!

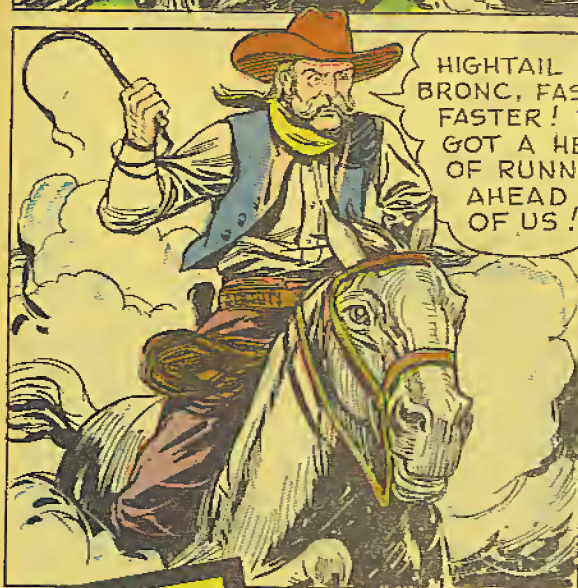


HIGHTAIL IT,  
BRONC, FASTER!  
FASTER! WE  
GOT A HEAP  
OF RUNNIN'  
AHEAD  
OF US!

SOME MILES WEST OF THE LLANO  
BURNETT UPLIFT...

LETTER JUST CAME  
FER YOU, BUCK.

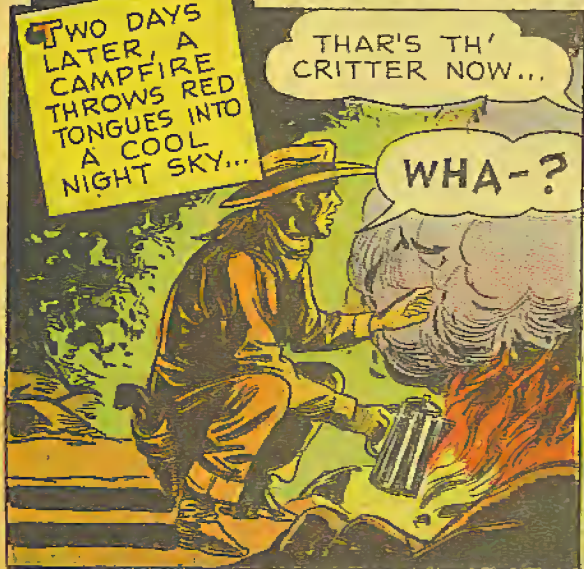
LAND O' HONEY!  
AIN'T NO TIME TO  
PALAVER, CHICK. GOT  
TO FAN IT! NO TELLIN'  
WHEN I GIT BACK-  
IF EVER! ADIOS!



TWO DAYS  
LATER, A  
CAMPFIRE  
THROWS RED  
TONGUES INTO  
A COOL  
NIGHT SKY...

THAR'S TH'  
CRITTER NOW...

WHA-?



TH' CROSS AN' CRESCENT  
HOMBRES! THEY THINK  
THEY'LL DRYGULCH  
ME. THEY OUGHTA  
KNOW A LARKIN DIES  
WITH HIS BOOTS ON...  
TAKIN' HIS  
ENEMIES  
WITH  
HIM.





HAW! HAW! FOOLED YOU GOOD, KID!

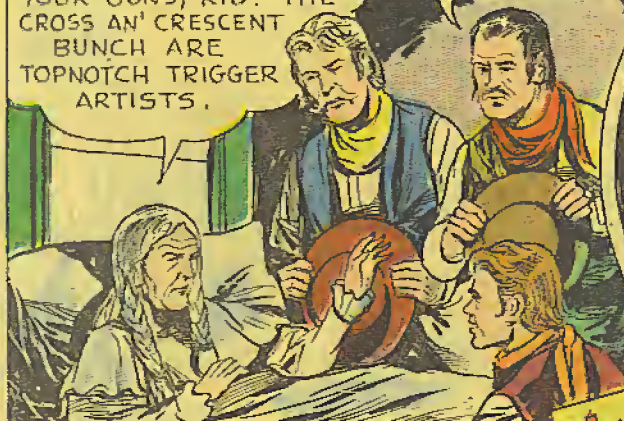
BETTER LEAVE THET SIX-SHOOTER SOMEWHERE'S, KID. ANY REAL GUNMAN WOULD'A SHOT YOU BEFORE YOU CLEARED LEATHER. IT'S THET WITHERED RIGHT ARM OF YOURN!



AT THE FORK TONGUE RANCH, SONORA  
SALLY LARKIN MEETS HER SONS...

I WANT YOU TO PROMISE ME NOT TO USE YOUR GUNS, KID! THE CROSS AN' CRESCENT BUNCH ARE TOPNOTCH TRIGGER ARTISTS.

BUCK 'N' ME'LL HANDLE 'EM, MAW!



THE STEER THET THREWED ME WHEN I WAS JUST A BUTTON DID THET. I AIN'T NEVER RECOVERED TH' USE OF THET ARM. I-I WISH I WAS AS SLICK A GUN-FANNER AS YOU, LARRY, ...OR BUCK.



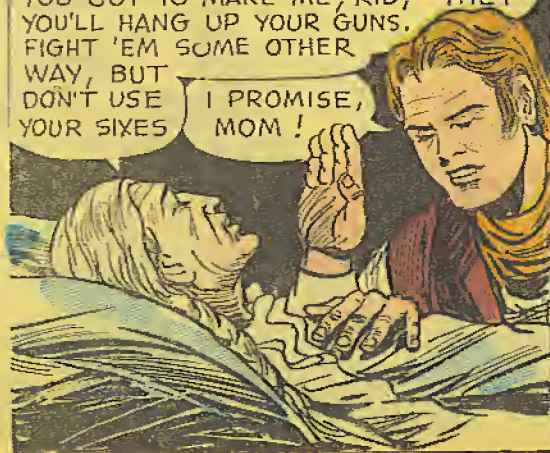
I WRIT YOU LETTERS TELLIN' YOU 'BOUT TH' RUSTLERS, YOU KNOW AS MUCH ABOUT 'EM NOW AS I DO; THEY'RE PLUMB BAD! THEY HANG OUT IN BROKEN BOW-AND THEIR HOME RANCH IS THIRTY MILES FROM HERE...



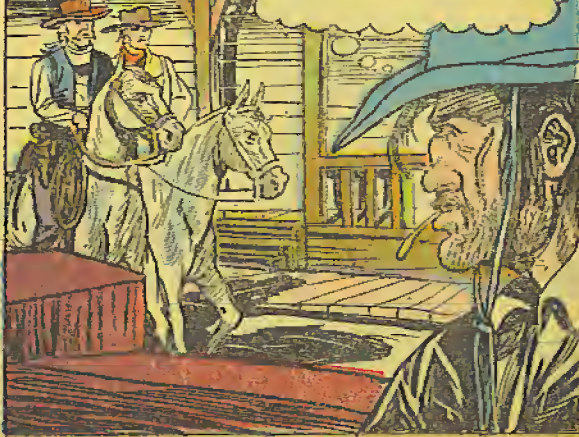
IN BROKEN BOW, LATE THAT AFTERNOON...

I'M A-DYIN', BOYS. I KNOW YOU'LL GIT THEM VARMINTS, BUT ONE PROMISE YOU GOT TO MAKE ME, KID, -THET YOU'LL HANG UP YOUR GUNS. FIGHT 'EM SOME OTHER WAY, BUT DON'T USE YOUR SIXES

I PROMISE, MOM!



HUH? IT'S THE LARKIN BOYS - LARRY AN' BUCK!







WE'VE COME LOOKIN' FOR THE CROSS  
AND CRESCENT HOMBRES!  
ANYBODY SEEN 'EM?

THEY AIN'T BEEN TO  
TOWN FOR WEEKS!

ON THE TRAIL  
OUTSIDE OF TOWN.

THEY ASKED FER YOU  
CROSS 'N' CRESCENT BOYS,  
THEY'RE FOLLOWIN' RIGHT BEHIND ME.

SOME MINUTES LATER,  
RIFLESHOTS RING-  
LOUD ...

GOT US ...  
DEAD IN THEIR  
... SIGHTS!

DRYGULCHERS!

THEY WON'T DO NO MORE  
FOLLOWIN'. SPREAD OUT AND  
GET YOUR SIGHTS ON 'EM,  
BOYS!

BANG BANG!



AT THE  
FORKTONGUE RANCH,

LARRY AN' BUCK  
MISSED DINNER, AN'  
THEY'RE STILL NOT  
HOME, IF NOTHIN'  
HAPPENED TO 'EM  
THEY'D BE BACK  
AFORE NOW...  
GOT TO FIND OUT  
WHAT'S KEEPIN' 'EM-

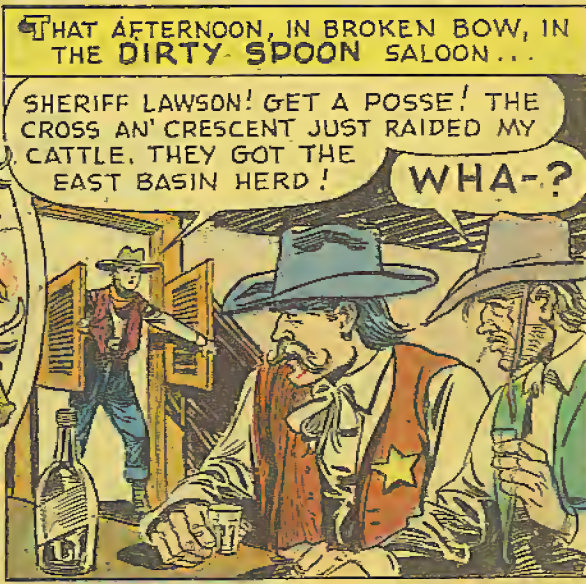


LARRY'S DAID, BUCK! WHO GOT YOU? HOW CAN  
I STOP 'EM WITHOUT USIN' MY SIX-GUNS? LOOK  
LIKE THE CROSS 'N' CRESCENT IS DUE TO TAKE  
OVER THE FORKTONGUE!

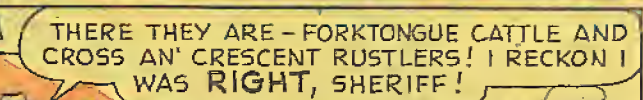
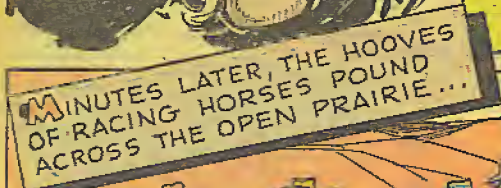
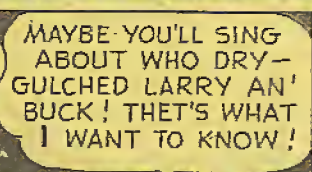
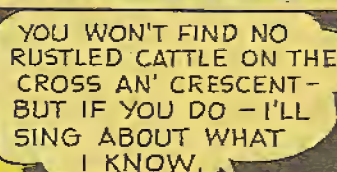
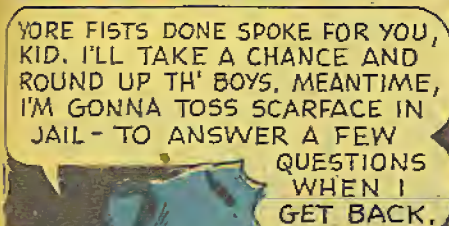
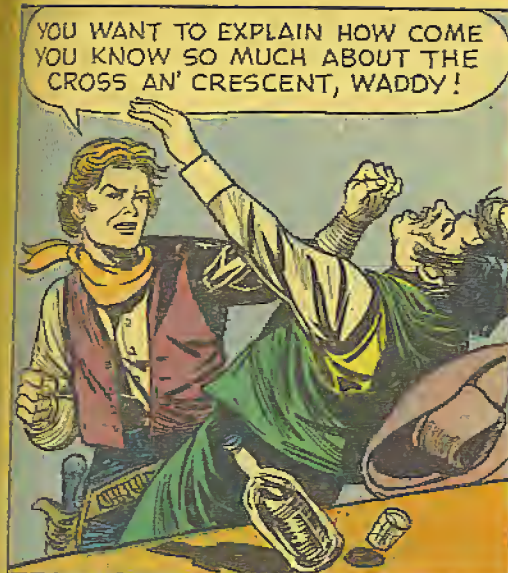
CROSS 'N' CRESCENT...  
HEARD 'EM PLANNIN'  
A RUSTLE ON THE  
HERD IN EAST  
BASIN RANGE,  
YOU GOT TO  
STOP 'EM, KID!



















WE GOT 'EM, KID.  
GOT 'EM **ALL** !

I RECKON THIS  
BUSTS UP RUSTLIN'  
AROUND THESE  
PARTS FOR A LONG  
TIME TO COME !



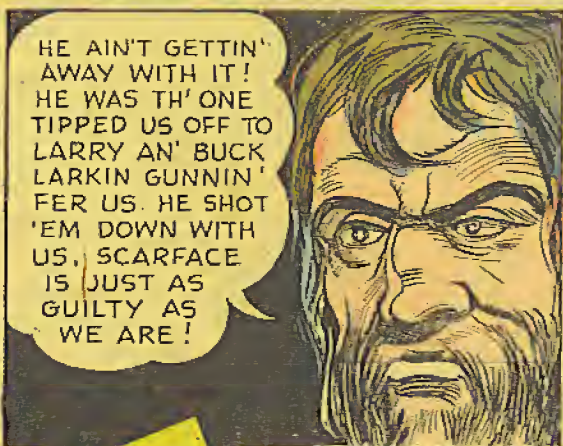
YO' WON'T BELIEVE  
ME, SHERIFF - BUT  
WE DIDN'T RUSTLE  
THEM CATTLE --  
THEY JUST COME  
DUSTIN' OVER TO  
OUR RANGE BY  
THEMSELVES !

THET'S THE  
BEST ONE I  
EVER HEARD !



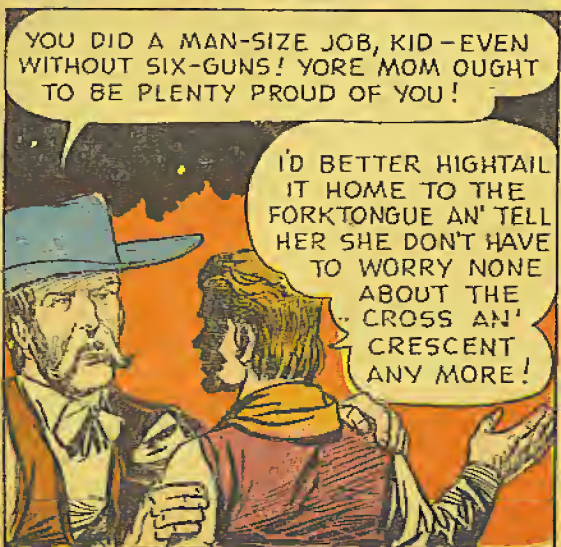
BEFORE YOU SAY  
ANY MORE --  
SCARFACE **RATTED**  
ON YOU. HE TOLD  
US PLENTY !

SCARFACE - WHY  
THET CUSSED  
SIDEWINDER !  
HE'S IN THIS AS  
DEEP AS WE ARE !



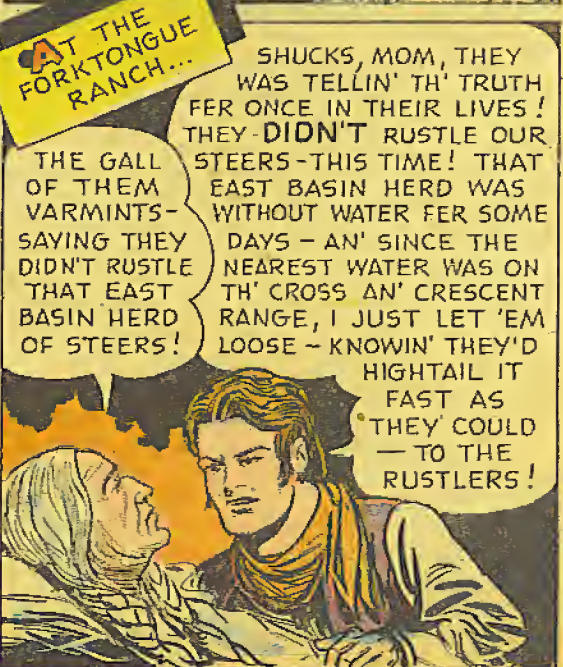
HE AIN'T GETTIN'  
AWAY WITH IT !  
HE WAS TH' ONE  
TIPPED US OFF TO  
LARRY AN' BUCK  
LARKIN GUNNIN'  
FER US. HE SHOT  
'EM DOWN WITH  
US, SCARFACE  
IS JUST AS  
GUILTY AS  
WE ARE !

**AT THE  
FORKTONGUE  
RANCH...**



YOU DID A MAN-SIZE JOB, KID - EVEN  
WITHOUT SIX-GUNS ! YORE MOM OUGHT  
TO BE PLENTY PROUD OF YOU !

I'D BETTER HIGHTAIL  
IT HOME TO THE  
FORKTONGUE AN' TELL  
HER SHE DON'T HAVE  
TO WORRY NONE  
ABOUT THE  
CROSS AN'  
CRESCENT  
ANY MORE !



THE GALL  
OF THEM  
VARMINTS-  
SAYING THEY  
DIDN'T RUSTLE  
THAT EAST  
BASIN HERD  
OF STEERS !

SHUCKS, MOM, THEY  
WAS TELLIN' TH' TRUTH  
FER ONCE IN THEIR LIVES !  
THEY **DIDN'T** RUSTLE OUR  
STEERS - THIS TIME ! THAT  
EAST BASIN HERD WAS  
WITHOUT WATER FER SOME  
DAYS - AN' SINCE THE  
NEAREST WATER WAS ON  
TH' CROSS AN' CRESCENT  
RANGE, I JUST LET 'EM  
LOOSE - KNOWIN' THEY'D  
HIGHTAIL IT  
FAST AS  
THEY COULD  
-- TO THE  
RUSTLERS !



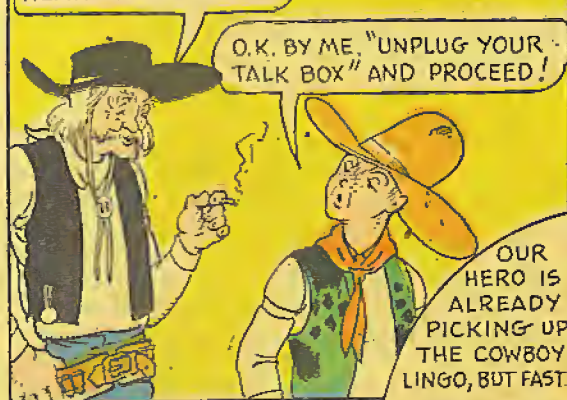
# TRAIL TALES

By AN OLD RANNY

JOHNNY (BUTTONS), A RANCH OWNER'S SON HAS COME FROM THE EAST AND WILL SPEND HIS VACATION ON THE RANCH. FROM AN OLD TIME COWBOY HE WILL LEARN ABOUT THE COWBOY—HOW HE LIVES, HIS WAYS, LINGO (LANGUAGE), TOGS (CLOTHES), RIGS (SADDLES & BRIDLES), ROUNDUPS, STAMPEDES AND MANY OTHER THINGS. IN THE COWBOY WORLD.



'S-MIGHTY INTERESTIN', TH' EVOLUTION OF CHAPS... HOW THEY COME ABOUT AND WHAT THEY GROWED INTO, WANT TO HEAR 'BOUT 'EM?



YUH SEE IT WAS THIS-A-WAY, WHEN US OLD TIMERS FIRST CAME OUT HERE, TH' WEST WUS WILD, WOOLY AND PLUMB FULL OF ORNERYNES. MOST OF US WUS JUST BUTTONS LIKE YOU—



DRESS'D IN STORE CLOTHES, AND SOME OF US EVEN WORE HOME-SPUNS—GOOD TOUGH CLOTHES --



BUT RIDIN', ROPIN' AND CHASIN' LONGHORNS, THROUGH CACTUS, BRIARS, EN-CETRY SOON, TORE TH' LEGS OF OUR PANTS TO RIBBONS, LEAVIN' ONLY TH' SEAT IN-TACK!

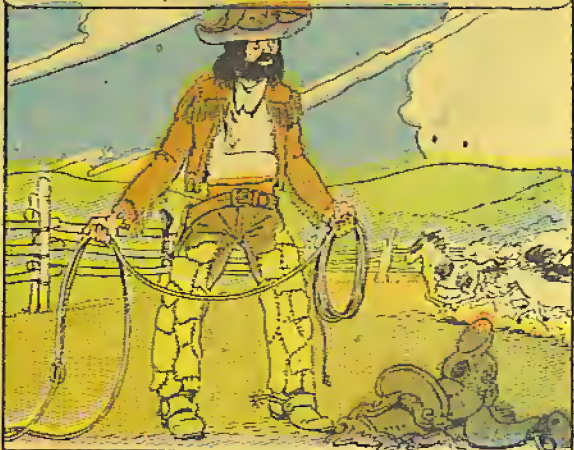




WE HAD NO CLOTH TO PATCH TH' LEGS WITH 'BEIN THUR WUS NO TOWN NER STORE WITHIN A HUNDRED MILES OR MORE. SO WE DID TH' NEXT BEST THING, WE TANNED AND SOFTENED OUR OWN LEATHER AND MADE LEATHER PATCHES.



FIANLY, WE GOT SO MANY LEATHER PATCHES ON TH' LEGS OF OUR PANTS, WE HAD LEATHER BRITCHES, ALL 'CEPT TH' SEAT.



AFTER A WHILE EVEN THE LEATHER PATCHES GOT TORE OFF SO WE DECIDED TO MAKE LEATHER LEGGINS AND TIE 'EM ONTO OUR BELT -

AS TIME WENT ON WE GOT MORE AND MORE FANCY, MAKIN' LEATHER FRINGE DOWN TH' SEAMS AND DOIN' FANCY BEAD WORK ON 'EM. AT LAST WE DISCOVERED IT WUS MORE PRACTICAL MAKIN' 'EM AND TH' BELT ALL IN ONE PIECE. WE HAND TOOLED TH' BELT IN FANCY DESIGNS AND MADE SILVER CONCHAS AND CALLED THESE BRITCHES

**SHOTGUN CHAPS**

"CHAPS" - ABBREVIATION OF "CHAPAREJOS" - SPANISH FOR LEATHER BREECHES



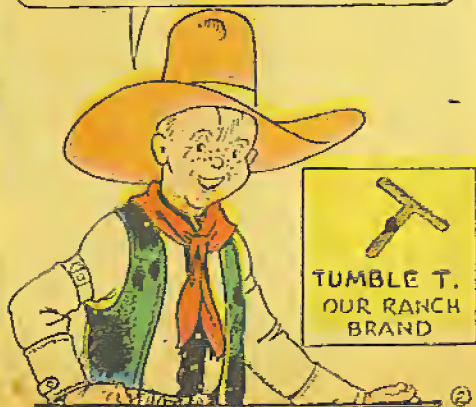
HEY! MR RANNY, LOOK! OUR COOK HAS BEEN SHOTGUN'ND!

HA-HA-HA-

COME GIT IT! 'FORE I THROW IT OUT!

BAM

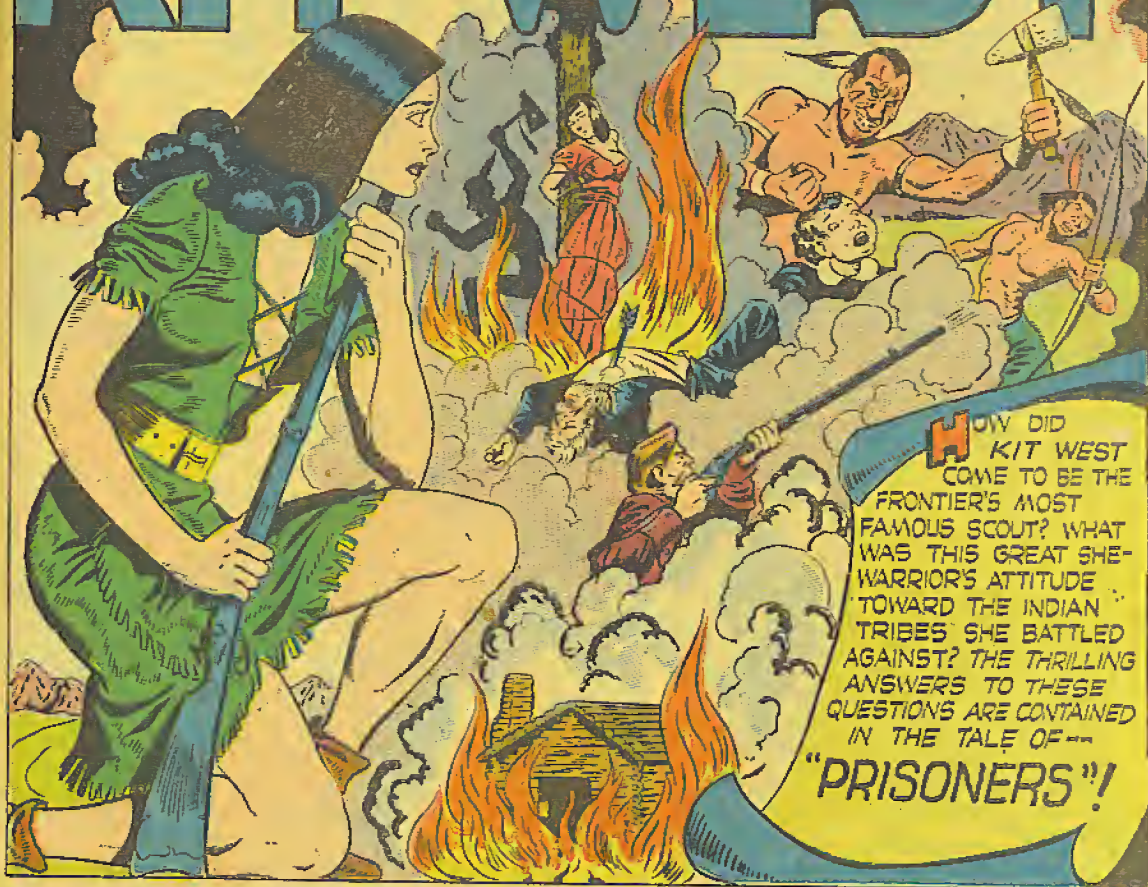
NEXT TIME, MR. RANNY SAYS HE'S GONNA TELL ME MORE ABOUT BAT-WING AND ANGORA CHAPS. GOSH, HE SURE KNOWS ABOUT COWBOYS - BUT I WOULDN'T LET HIM KNOW I THINK HE'S HOT-STUFF



**TUMBLE T. OUR RANCH BRAND**



# KIT WEST



THE FRONTIER TOWN OF HONESVILLE IS GRIMLY TRIUMPHANT OVER AN INDIAN DEFEAT---

SO MANY PRISONERS!  
THE LESS LIVE INDIANS,  
THE BETTER, SAY I!

WE'LL PAY THEM BACK  
TONIGHT, FOR THEIR  
DIRTY TORTURING OF  
OUR FOLK!



YOU WON'T TAKE  
ANY MORE SCALPS  
AFTER THIS BLOW  
ON YOUR NOGIN!

RED MEN, AIR YE?  
AYE, AN' REDDER  
THAN EVER YE'LL  
BE FROM THE BLOOD  
THAT'LL FLOW FROM  
YER HEADS THIS NIGHT!



HA! HA! WOT'RE YE  
AFRAID OF, YE COPPER-  
COLORED WITCH?  
AFRAID O' MY WEE  
STICK? HA! HA!

THIS CRUELTY  
MUST STOP!

OH-H-H



I'M ASHAMED OF  
THESE PEOPLE,  
BENJAMIN! THEY'RE  
NO BETTER THAN  
SAVAGES THEMSELVES!

TUSH, KIT! AND WHAT D'YE  
THINK'D HAPPEN IF WE  
WERE TAKEN PRISONER BY  
THEM? YE ARE LOOKING UPON  
KINDNESS, LASS, BY  
COMPARISON!



STOP! LET THAT  
INDIAN GIRL ALONE--  
OR YOU'LL HAVE KIT  
WEST TO RECKON  
WITH!

WOT'S THAT? AM I  
LISTENIN' TO THE  
SWEET VOICE OF AN  
INJUN LOVER?

KIT!!  
COME  
BACK!



MIND YOUR BUSINESS--  
OR I'LL COMB YOUR HAIR  
WITH THIS RAKE!

VERY WELL, YOU  
HYENA! YOU ASKED  
FOR IT!

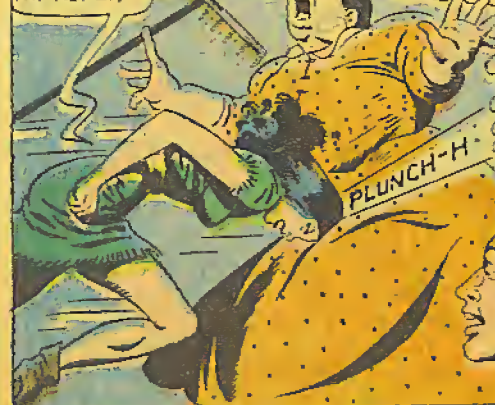


HMM--IT'LL BE A  
WONDER IF MISTRESS  
SULLIVAN KEEPS  
HER FOOD IN HER  
STOMACH AFTER  
THAT "PAT"!

YE-OW-W!

AND HERE'S  
MY REPLY!

PLUNCH-H



WHAT'S THE  
IDEA, KIT?  
WHO'S SIDE  
ARE YOU  
ON?

THE  
GAL'S  
MIND IS  
TWISTED,  
THAT'S  
WHAT!

ON THE CONTRARY, MY  
FRIENDS--IT LOOKS AS  
IF YOUR MINDS ARE  
ADDLED! HAS FIGHTING  
BARBARIANS TURNED  
YOU INTO BARBARIANS  
TOO?





THIS CAPTIVE-BAITING'S NOT FOR US--IT'S WHAT THE REDSKIN DO BECAUSE THEY DON'T KNOW ANY BETTER! THEY SIMPLY HATE US FOR TAKING THEIR LAND! BUT WE KNOW BETTER--AND THAT'S ALL THE DIFFERENCE IN THE WORLD!



NOT TO ME IT ISN'T! THOSE DEVILS BURNED MY MOTHER AND FATHER ALIVE, AND I WANT REVENGE!

WE ALL HAVE SCORES TO SETTLE!

LOOKS LIKE THE BOYS ARE GETTING A MITE OUT OF CONTROL!



HOLD IT, FELLERS! 'FEARS T'BE A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION CONCERNIN' HOW WE CELEBRATE OUR VICTORY OVER THE SHO-SHONES! WHAT SAY, WE TAKE THE MATTER INTO MEETIN'?

I'M FOR IT! LET'S TALK IT OVER BEFORE 'WE BASH IN ANYBODY'S HEAD!

WA-AL! ALL RIGHT--CAN'T SEE ANYTHIN' T'LOSE BY IT!



NO! VIOLENCE IS NOT THE WAY TO IMPRESS THE RED MAN! SHOWING HIM THE SUPERIORITY OF OUR WAY OF LIFE WILL IMPRESS HIM! WE MUST TEACH INDIANS BY WHAT WE DO--WE MUST NOT IMITATE THEM!



SO, THAT NIGHT--AT THE BIGGEST LOG CABIN--

THE INTJUN LIVES BY FORCE! VIOLENCE IS THE ONLY THING HE UNDERSTANDS! IF WE SHOW MERCY, THEY'LL THINK WE'RE COWARDS!



MEN-- TRUST ME! BELIEVE ME! INDIANS WON'T ALWAYS BE CRUEL AND SAVAGE! IN FACT, THEY ALL AREN'T NOW! I CAN ILLUSTRATE FROM MY OWN EXPERIENCE!

GO AHEAD, KIT! TELL US!





OF THEM!

I'LL GET A HEAD START!  
SHE'LL BE GREEN WITH ENVY!

KIT! KIT!  
THERE THEY ARE!

Y-Y-YYYYYY...

SUE! THAT'S BOBBY'S VOICE...IN TERRIBLE PAIN !!!

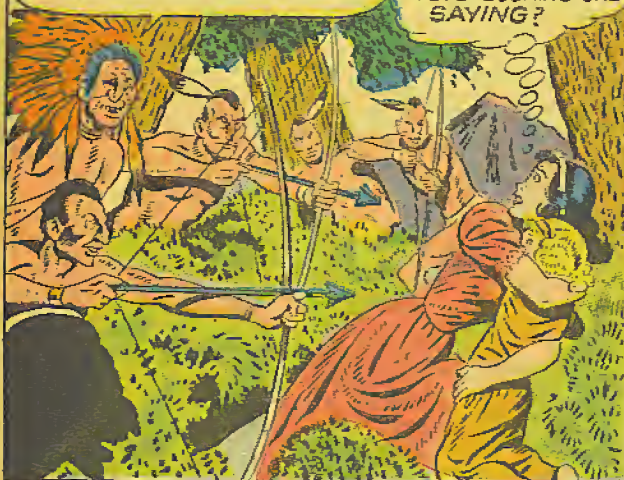
WHIT-T-T-T

BOBBY! OH-H-H-H!  
THE INDIANS HAVE  
KILLED BOBBY!



SPARE THE OLDER ONE! SHE  
IS NOT YET READY FOR DEATH!

WHAT IS THAT HOR-  
RIBLE-LOOKING ONE  
SAYING?



KIT! KIT!  
I'M AFRAID!  
(SOB)

LET HER GO,  
YOU FIENDS!  
DO YOU WAR  
ON BABIES?

HA! RARE  
SPORT! LET  
THE SISTER  
LOOK UPON  
THE LITTLE  
ONE'S AGONY!



KIT! THEY'RE GOING  
TO SHOOT ME---  
KIT! DON'T LET  
THEM! (SOB)!

WELL? WHAT ARE YOU  
POSING FOR? KILL THE  
WHELP!

(SOB)



NO! NO!

K-KIT!



THE GIRL  
DOES NOT  
ENJOY THE  
ENTERTAINMENT  
WE LIKE!  
I WONDER  
WHY!  
HEH-HEH!

"AFTER  
BRUTALLY  
MURDERING  
BOBBY AND  
SUE, BROKENFACE'S BRAVE'S TOOK CARE OF MY MOTHER  
AND FATHER.... HORRIBLE CARE!"

YA-AAH!! SEE HOW THE  
LITTLE ONE LOOKS  
NOW! LIKE A POR-  
CUPINE!



EE-EEE!  
MARTIN!  
M-MARTIN!





"--AFTER A SHORT MARCH, WE CAME TO BROKEN-FACE'S VILLAGE--I WAS GREETED WITH AMUSEMENT AND GLOATING! I TRIED NOT TO LET THEM SEE MY TERROR--"

WHAT MEAN YOU TO DO WITH THE PRETTY WHITE, O BROKEN-FACE?

AMUSE MYSELF-- FIRST, TAKE HER TO MY TENT!

THEN WE BURN HER TO CINDERS, 'HAH-H-H!



OH-HH

SOON THE WHITE DOE WILL SQUEAL LOUDER!

THIS MUST NOT BE! WHAT DID THE POOR WHITE GIRL DO TO US, TO DESERVE SUCH A TERRIBLE FATE?



WHY DO YOU TARRY IN THE TENT OF BROKEN-FACE? OUT WITH YOU, CLOD OF EARTH!

THAT GIRL IS NOT LIKE THESE SAVAGES! I CAN SEE THE PITY SHE FEELS FOR ME, IN HER EYES!



I WOULD NOT LEAVE EVEN THE EVIL SPIRITS AT THE MERCY OF A MONSTER LIKE BROKEN-FACE! I MUST HELP THE WHITE GIRL!

HI-EEEEEE



LATER

AND NOW, MY PRETTY, MY AMUSEMENT!

I KNEW IT! THAT GIRL'S COME BACK TO HELP ME!



CRASH-H

UGH-H-H



OH, THANKS! THANKS! YOU ARE WONDERFUL!

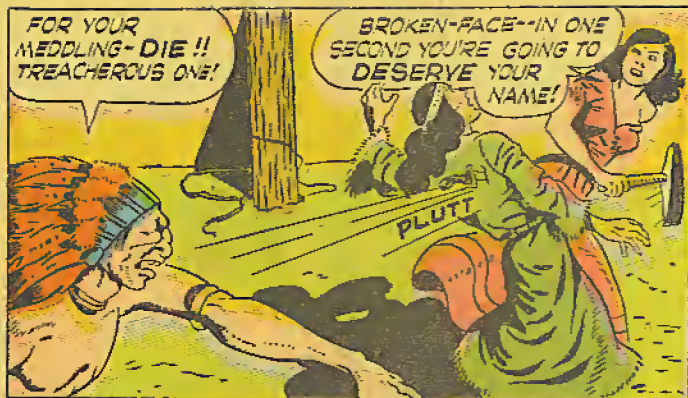






WHAT DOES THE WHITE GIRL SAY? WHY IS SHE ALARMED?

WATCH OUT! BROKEN-FACE--THROWS KNIFE!



FOR YOUR MEDDLING--DIE !! TREACHEROUS ONE!

BROKEN-FACE--IN ONE SECOND YOU'RE GOING TO DESERVE YOUR NAME!

PLUTT



IF YOU HAVE A FACE OF ANY KIND LEFT, YOU'LL BE LUCKY!

WHAT? SHE THROWS THE TOMAHAWK?



AIE--EE!

BULLS-EYE! AND I DO MEAN EYE!

SLASH-H--

"--WHEN I BENT OVER THE INDIAN GIRL'S BODY, I SAW THAT HER SWEET SPIRIT HAD FLOWN! SHE WAS A TRUE HUMAN BEING... SHE SAVED MY LIFE!



H'AWA-- THAT WAS A PRETTY GOOD STORY, KIT--BUT I

WAS UP IN BOSTON LAST WEEK, AN' YOUR FOLKS WERE ALIVE AN' KICKIN' THEN!



WELL, THAT'S MY STORY, GENTLEMEN--- WITH MY FAMILY DEAD, I BECAME A WILDERNESS SCOUT, BUT I THINK WE WHITES SHOULD BEHAVE AS HUMANELY AS THAT UNKNOWN INJUN GIRL!



KIT'S RIGHT, AN' I WAS WRONG! SAY--LET'S GIVE THE INJUNS A BREAK! NO MORE BAITIN'!



OF COURSE THEY ARE, BENJAMIN! BUT SOMETIMES A LITTLE WHITE LIE KEEPS PEOPLE WHITE IN THEIR HEARTS! SEE WHAT I MEAN!